THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 27, 1806.

INTERESTING DECISION.

POLICE OFFICE, Bow-Street, October 4.

A Case of considerable importance to buyers and sellers of horses, came on to be heard on Saturday the 4th, before Mr. Graham. On the 13th of July, a horse, the property of Mr. Graves, a medical gentleman, of Putney, was stolen from his premises. On Sunday the 21st ult. as Mr. Graves was riding over Ham Common, he saw his horse grazing on the common. He inquired who claimed the horse, and was informed it belonged to Mr. Richards, the overseer of the parish. Mr. Graves took possession of the horse, and sent to inform Mr. Richards of what he had done, that it was his property, and had been stolen from him; and, in a few days after, he, with several witnesses, made affidavits before a magistrate in the neighbourhood, that the horse was his property, and that it had been stolen from him. Mr. Graves, however, was not satisfied with this, but obtained a summons against Mr. Richards, to appear at the office on Saturday. Mr. Richards attended the summons, and produced the regular evidence of having bought the horse at Smithfield market, on a market-day, and that it was regularly entered in the market-book, the toll-paid, and a fair price given; Mr. Graham was therefore of opinion, that Mr. Richards's conduct was strictly correct, and that Mr. Graves must return him the horse; and dismissed Mr. Richards very honourably.

Mr. Graves, on further enquiry, could only trace the horse into the possession of Mr. Bligh, a livery-stable keeper, in Tot-

tenham-court-road, who stated that the horse was rode into his yard, by a stranger, in a very knocked-up and dirty-state, who desired a feed of corn to be given it, and he would call for the horse in the morning. The stranger did not call for the horse, agreeably to promise, and he kept it above a fortnight, when he advertised it to be taken away, and fully described the horse. No application being made, he sent it to Smithfield market, to pay the expences. In the evening Mr. Graves attended before Mr. Graham, and stated this circumstance to him. The magistrate told him, all he had brought forward, and proved, would not avail him, as no person was in custody, or even suspected of the felony, he must either return the horse to Mr. Richards, who had purchased the horse in open market, and given a fair price, or he must return him the money he gave for the purchase of it, and all his expences, as directed by the act of parliament for regulating the sales, &c. of horses. It enacts, that when a horse is stolen, the owner, with two witnesses, are to make affidavit of the same, with a full description of the horse, which Mr. Graves had neglected to comply with.

NICOLAS PEDROSA.

(Continued from Page 825.)

WHEN Nicolas at length reached the city of Lisbon, he hugged himself in his good fortune; still he recollected that the inquisition has long arms, and he was yet in a place of no perfect security. Our adventurer had in early life acted as assistant surgeon in a Spanish frigate bound to Buenos Ayres, and being captured by a British man of war, and carried into Jamaica, had very quietly passed some years in that place as journeyman apothecary, in which time he had acquired a tolerable acquaintance with the English language: no sooner then did he discover the British ensign flying on the poop of an English frigate, then lying in the Tagus, than he eagerly caught the opportunity of paying a visit to the surgeon, and finding he was in want of a mate, offered himself, and was entered in that capacity for a cruise against the French and Spaniards, with whom Great Britain was then at war. In this secure asylum Nicolas enjoyed the first happy moments he had experienced for a long time past, and being a lively good humoured little fellow, and one who touched the guitar and sung sequidillas with a tolerable grace, he soon recommended himself to his ship-mates, and grew in favour with every body on board, from the captain to the cook's mate.

When they were out upon their cruise, hovering on the Spanish coast, it occurred to Nicolas, that the inquisidor-general at Madrid

Madrid had told him of the expected arrival of the president of Quito, and having imparted this to one of the lieutenants, he reported it to the captain, and, as the intelligence seemed of importance, he availed himself of it by hawling into the tract of the homeward-bound galleons, and great was the joy, when at the break of the morning the man at the mast head announced a square-rigged vessel in view: the ardour of a chase now set all hands at work, and a few hours brought them near enough to discern that she was a Spanish frigate, and seemingly from a long voyage: little Pedrosa, as alert as the rest, stript himself for his work, and repaired to his post in the cock-pit, whilst the thunder of the guns rolled incessantly overhead; three cheers from the whole crew at length announced the moment of victory, and a few more minutes ascertained the good news that the prize was a frigate richly laden from the South Seas, with the governor of Quito, and his suit on board.

Pedrosa was now called on deck, and sent on board the prize as interpreter to the first lieutenant, who was to take possession of her. He found every thing in confusion, a deck covered with the slain, and the whole crew in consternation at an event they were in no degree prepared for, not having received any intimation of a war. He found the officers in general, and the passengers without exception, under the most horrid impressions of the English, and expecting to be plundered, and perhaps butchered without mercy. Don Manuel de Casafonda, the governor, whose countenance bespoke a constitution far gone in a decline, had thrown himself on a sofa in the last state of despair, and given way to an effusion of tears; when the lieutenant entered the cabin, he rose trembling from his couch, and with the most supplicating action presented to him his sword, and with it a casket which he carried in his other hand; as he tendered these spoils to his conqueror, whether through weakness or of his own will, he made a motion of bending his knee; the generous Briton, shocked at the unmanly overture, caught him suddenly with both hands, and turning to Pedrosa, said aloud—"Convince this gentleman he has fallen into the hands of an honourable enemy. "Is it possible?" cried Don Manuel, and lifting up his streaming eyes to the countenance of the British officer, saw humanity, valour, and generous pity so strongly charactered in his youthful features, that the conviction was irresistible. "Will he not accept my sword?" cried the Spaniard. "He desires you to wear it 'till he has the honour of presenting you to his captain." "Ah then he has a captain!' exclaimed Don Manuel, "his superior will be of another way of thinking; tell him this casket contains my jewels; they are valuable; let him present them as a lawful prize, which will enrich the captor; his superior will not hesi-

tate to take them from me." "If they be your excellency's private property," replied Pedrosa, "I am ordered to assure you, that if your ship were loaded with jewels, no British officer in the service of his king will take them at your hands; the ships and effects of his catholic majesty are the only prize of the captors; the personals of the passengers are inviolate." "Generous nation!" exclaimed Don Manuel, "how greatly have I wronged thee!"

The boats of the British frigate now came alongside, and part of the crew were shifted out of the prize, taking their clothes and trunks along with them, in which they were very cordially assisted by their conquerors. The barge soon after came aboard with an officer in the stern sheets, and the crew in their white shirts and velvet caps, to escort the governor and the ship's captain on board the frigate, which lay with her sails to the mast awaiting their arrival; the accommodation ladder was slung over the side, and manned for the prisoners, who were received on the gang-way by the second lieutenant, whilst perfect silence and the strictest discipline reigned in the ship, where all were under the decks, and no inquisitive curious eyes were suffered to wound the feelings of the conquered even with a glance; in the door of his cabin stood the captain, who received them with that modest complaisance, which does not revolt the unfortunate by an overstrained politeness; he was a man of high birth and elegant manners, with a heart as benevolent as it was brave; such an address, set off with a person finely formed and perfectly engaging, could not fail to impress the prisoners with the most favourable ideas, and as Don Manuel spoke French fluently, he could converse with the British captain without the help of an interpreter: as he expressed an impatient desire of being admitted to his parole, that he might revisit his friends and connections, from whom he had been long separated, he was overjoyed to hear that the English ship would carry her prize into Lisbon; and that he would there be set on shore, and permitted to make the best of his way from thence to Madrid; he talked of his wife with all the ardour of the most impassioned lover, and apologized for his tears by imputing them to the agony of his mind, and the infirmity of his health, under the dread of being longer separated from an object so dear to his heart, and on whom he doated with the fondest affection.

The generous captor indulged him in these conversations, and being a husband himself, knew how to allow for all the tenderness of his sensations. "Ah, Sir," cried Don Manuel, "would to Heaven it were in my power to have the honour of presenting my beloved Leonora to you on our landing at Lisbon—Perhaps," added he, turning to Pedrosa, who at that moment entered the cabin, "this gentleman, whom I take to be

a Spaniard, may have heard the name of Donna Leonora de Casafonda; if he has been at Madrid, it is possible he may have seen her; should that be the case, he can testify to her external charms; I alone can witness to the exquisite perfection of her mind."—Senor Don Manuel," replied Pedrosa, "I have seen Donna Leonora, and your excellency is warranted in all you can say in her praise; she is of incomparable beauty."

These words threw the uxorious Spaniard into raptures; his eyes sparkled with delight; the blood rushed into his emaciated cheeks, and every feature glowed with unutterable joy: he pressed Pedrosa with a variety of rapid enquiries, all which he evaded by pleading ignorance, saying that he had only had a casual glance of her as she passed along the Pardo. The embarrassment, however, which accompanied these answers, did not escape the English captain, who shortly after drawing Pedrosa aside into the surgeon's cabin, was by him made acquainted with the melancholy situation of that unfortunate lady, and every particular of the story as before related; nay, the very vial was produced, with it's contents, as put into the hands of Pedrosa by the inquisidor. "Can there be such villainy in man!" cried the British captain, when Pedrosa had concluded his detail; "alas! my heart bleeds for this unhappy husband: assuredly that monster has destroyed Leonora; as for thee, Pedrosa, whilst the British flag flies over thy head, neither Spain nor Portugal, nor inquisidors, nor devils, shall annoy thee under it's protection; but if thou ever venturest over the side of this ship, and rashly settest one foot upon catholic soil, when we arrive at Lisbon, thou art a lost man." "I were worse than a madman," replied Nicolas, "should I attempt it. "Keep close in this asylum," then resumed the captain, "and fear nothing: had it been our fate to have been captured by the Spaniard, what would have become of thee?" "In the worst of extremities," replied Nicolas, "I should have applied to the inquisidor's vial; but I confess I had no fears of that sort; a ship so commanded and so manned, is in little danger of being carried into a Spanish port." "I hope not," said the captain, "and I promise thee thou shalt take thy chance in her, so long as she is afloat under my command, and if we live to conduct her to England, thou shalt have thy proper share of prize-money, which, if the galleon breaks up according to her entries, will be something towards enabling thee to shift, and if thou art as diligent in thy duty, as I am persuaded thou wilt be, whilst I live thou shalt never want a seaman's friend."

At these cheering words, little Nicolas threw himself at the feet of his generous preserver, and with streaming eyes poured out his thanks from a heart animated with joy and gratitude.

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The captain raising him by the hand, forbade him, as he prized his friendship, ever to address him in that posture any more; "thank me, if you will," added he, "but thank me as one man should another; let no knees bend in this ship but to the name of God." But now," continued he, "let us turn our thoughts to the situation of our unhappy Casafonda; we are now drawing near to Lisbon, where he will look to be liberated on his parole." "By no means let him venture into Spain," said Pedrosa; "I am well assured there are orders to arrest him in every port or frontier town, where he may present himself." "I can well believe it," replied the captain; "his piteous case will require further deliberation; in the mean time let nothing transpire on your part, and keep yourself out of his sight as carefully as you can."—This said, the captain left the cabin, and both parties repaired to their several occupations.

(To be continued.)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

UPON the head-dresses of hair, the bunches of flowers are, as usual, very large, and without any mixture of green; they are also worn far back upon the head, but do not exclude a comb, with a golden back, or adorned with pearls. We have observed lately small black straw hats, with a black rose in front; Pamelas of black straw are also worn, but the flowers which ornament them are red. Sometimes the female fashions are adopted by the men; such, for instance, at the present moment, are laced slippers, which, however, they are ashamed to wear, unless under gaiters. The meeting of the tailors, to determine upon the autumn fashion is terminated. Several important changes have been proposed in the men's costume, which have been referred to a committee of three of the most celebrated artists, who are expected to make their report in the middle of November. In the mean time, the *culottes* will cover the calf of the leg. The waistcoats will be almost as long as the coats, and the coats almost as short as the waistcoats. Not only the species of wood, but also the form, is changed in furniture. An armed backed chair resembles the body of a carriage, and of late we have seen the bodies of carriages like a backed arm chair, upon four springs. Thus the chairs are like cabriolets, and the cabriolets like chairs.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE following anecdote is reported on the authority of the Abbé Barthélémy:

" When the celebrated Abbé Prévôt supped one evening with some friends, he advanced a paradox which excited their indignation. He insisted on defending, and his friends on combating his opinion. He maintained that, if every body would sit in strict judgment on himself, few would be found undeserving of the gallows. To begin, then, with yourself, said his friends; what have you done to incur such a punishment? we have all known you from childhood; and though we allow that you were always thoughtless, and even a little free in your manner of living, none of us can recollect a single act which could subject you to death. Because you are not acquainted with all my history, replied he, listen for a moment; I confide in your secrecy, and my present confession to such intimate friends can be attended with no bad consequences. What will you say if I now declare that I killed my father? As if, forsooth, exclaimed one of the company, it was not generally known that your father died in consequence of a fall on the stair-case. That is true, continued the abbé, but it was I who pushed him. The fact is, I was attached to a young girl, daughter of a neighbour, who lived in the house adjoining to our's, and I wished to marry her. My father not only refused his consent, but absolutely forbade me to see her. As I paid no regard to this prohibition, and my favourite's father would not admit me into his house, we had contrived to see each other, and converse on the roofs, and I introduced her into our garret. My father perceived it, and came on us by surprise. Though a worthy man, he was subject to violent fits of passion: he not only heaped reproaches on me and this poor girl, but was even going to beat her, when I stepped before him, and, in the struggle to prevent his approach, I pushed him towards the stairs. His foot slipped on the first step, he fell backwards, and was deprived of his senses by a dangerous wound on the head. I raised him up, called for assistance, and put him to bed. On recovering his recollection, he was sensible of my grief, and my assiduities; and I continued by his pillow as long as he survived this accident. His extreme kindness for me induced him to conceal from his friends the true cause of his death, and this only aggravated my sorrow and remorse.

" This man, who reproached himself with deserving capital punishment, was fated to a still more shocking end. When walking in the Bois de Boulogne, he fell down, apparently dead, in a fit of apoplexy, at the foot of a tree. Some peasants, who found him in this condition, conveyed him to the house of a surgeon, who ordered a judicial examination. He was pronounced to be dead; and the surgeon was authorised to open the body. On the first incision, the unfortunate man uttered a horrible shriek; but the mortal blow was given, and he opened

his

his eyes only to behold the dreadful manner in which he was deprived of existence."

On the RIGHT *of* KILLING GAME.

[From Mr. Wilkes's Encyclopædia Londinenfis, Vol. VIII.]

THE animals which constitute game, in England, or such at least as are under the protection of the game-laws, are as follow: viz. the four-footed, include red or fallow deer, hares, and conies: the winged are, swans, partridges, pheasants, pigeons, wild-ducks, wild-geese, and other water fowl, grouse (commonly called red game), moor-birds or heath-fowl (commonly called black game), bustards, and herons. Fish, in ponds, and in private or manerial fisheries, are also protected by the game-laws.

From the commencement of time, the taking of venison, or game, formed one of the most favourite pursuits of man. In the early state of things, this must naturally have been the case in every country upon the surface of the globe, because it was one of the most obvious and ready means of procuring food. In all those remote and uncultivated regions where the inhabitants yet remain in a state of nature, we find this practice is still in full force; and that every wild animal is considered as the absolute property of the individual who can take it, let his situation in rank or life be what it may. We might even look up to the books of the sacred scriptures, to the command of Jacob to his son Esau, for this primeval right of individuals to take and seize game wherever they can find it at large, allowing game to consist of, what it certainly does, both in the ancient and modern acceptation, all beasts, *feræ naturæ*, "that are fit for food," for such "are given to man, and shall be food for him." GENESIS.

Upon this principle of reasoning, the early judicature of this country with respect to game, appears to have been founded. Tame animals, which fly not the dominion of man, but are domesticated and reared in his fields or inclosures, are not *feræ naturæ*, but his own proper goods and chattels, which no man can take or drive away, without committing felony. Wild animals, on the contrary, which by flight or swiftness of foot, avoid the dominion of man, and lurk and hide in uncultivated wastes and forests, are those over which, by the common law of the land, no individual could claim an exclusive right, until he had first taken, seized, or reclaimed them, and had them in his possession. For as property in a thing means the power which a man hath over it for his own use, and the ability he hath of applying it to the sustentation of his existence; so

when that power ceaseth, his property in it ceaseth also; and hence, if an animal of this kind, after seizure, escapes again into the wild common of nature, and asserts its freedom or liberty by its swiftness and subtilty, it remains no longer his, any more than a wild creature in the desert; because he has it not within his power, nor at his disposal.

When Cæsar invaded Britain, he observed the hardy natives were fond of the chace, and found that venison constituted a great portion of their food. Yet he asserts, Bel. Gal. lib. 6, that "the Britons did not eat the flesh of hares, notwithstanding the island abounded with them." This, he adds, proceeded from a principle of religion, which, as among the Jews, prohibited the use of that animal as food. The Saxons and Danes, who afterwards subjugated the country, were alike prone to the pursuit of game, "with sharp-scented dogs, and costly hawks;" yet it no where appears that even the commonest among the people were then restrained from killing the game in the wilds and forests, and converting it to their own use as food. It seems to have been reserved for King Canute, about the year 1025, to be the first general preserver of the game in England: he imposed several restrictions, not only upon the common people, but upon the nobles likewise, forbidding them to hunt or kill the game, except upon their own estates; and he inflicted various fines and punishments, which, as they were novel and unprecedented, were deemed the more unjust and tyrannical. But it was to William, surnamed the Conqueror, about the year 1070, upon the introduction of the feudal law, that we are to date the commencement of the most arbitrary restrictions and prohibitions respecting the game in this country. From that era the subject has been taken up, and most critically discussed, by Sir William Blackstone, in his "Commentaries on the Laws of England;" and which, for greater correctness and precision, we shall state in his own words:

"In the Saxon times, though no man was allowed to kill or chase the king's deer, yet he might start any game, pursue, and kill it, in the wilds, and on his own estate. But soon after the Norman conquest, a new doctrine took place; and the right of pursuing and taking all beasts of chase or venary, and such other animals as were accounted game, was then held to belong to the king, or to such only, as were authorised under him. And this, as well upon the principles of the feodal law, that the king is the ultimate proprietor of all the lands in the kingdom, they being all held of him as the chief lord, or lord paramount of the fee; and that therefore he has the right of the universal soil, to enter thereon, and to chace and take such creatures at his pleasure: as also upon another maxim of the common law, that these animals are *bona vacantia*, and, having no other owner, belong to the king by his prerogative. As

therefore the former reason was held to vest in the king a right to pursue and take them any where; the latter was supposed to give the king, and such as he should authorize, a sole and exclusive right.

"This right, thus newly vested in the crown, was exerted with the utmost rigour, at and after the time of the Norman establishment; not only in the ancient forests, but in the new ones which the conqueror made, by laying together vast tracts of country, depopulated for that purpose, and reserved solely for the king's royal diversion; in which were exercised the most horrid tyrannies and oppressions, under colour of forest law, for the sake of preserving the beasts of chase; to kill any of which, within the limits of the forest, was as penal as the death of a man. And, in pursuance of the same principle, King John laid a total interdict upon the winged as well as the fourfooted creation: "*capturam avium per totam Angliam interdixit.*"

"As the king reserved to himself the forests for his own exclusive diversion, so he granted out from time to time other tracts of land to his subjects, under the names of chases or parks, or gave them licence to make such in their own grounds, which indeed are smaller forests in the hands of a subject; but not governed by the forest laws; and by the common law no person is at liberty to take or kill any beasts of chase, but such as hath an ancient chase or park; unless they be also beasts of prey. As to all inferior species of game, called beasts and fowls of warren, the liberty of taking or killing them is another franchise or royalty, derived likewise from the crown, and called free warren; and no man, but he who has a chase or free warren, by grant from the crown, or prescription, which supposes one, can justify hunting or sporting upon another man's soil; nor indeed, in thorough strictness of common law, either hunting or sporting at all.

"However novel this doctrine may seem to such as call themselves qualified sportsmen, it is a regular consequence from what has been before delivered; that the sole right of taking and destroying game belongs exclusively to the king. This appears, as well from the historical deduction here made, as because he may grant to his subjects an exclusive right of taking them: which he could not do, unless such a right was first inherent in himself. And hence it will follow, that no person whatever, but he who has such derivative right from the crown, is by common law entitled to take or kill any beasts of chase, or other game whatsoever. The circumstance of having 100l. per annum, and the rest, are not properly qualifications, but exemptions. And these persons so exempted from the penalties of the game statutes, are not only liable to actions of trespass by the owners of the land, but also, if they kill game within the limits of any royal franchise, they are liable to the

actions

actions of such who may have the right of chase or free warren therein.

" Upon the whole it appears, that the king, by his prerogative, and such persons as have, under his authority, the royal franchises of chase, park, free warren, or free fishery, are the only persons who may acquire any property, however fugitive and transitory, in these animals *feræ naturæ*, while living; which is said to be vested in them *propter privilegium*. And it must also be remembered, that such persons as may thus lawfully hunt, fish, or fowl, *ratione privilegii*, have only a qualified property in these animals: it not being absolute or permanent, but lasting only so long as the creatures remain within the limits of such respective franchise or liberty, and ceasing the instant they voluntarily pass out of it."

(To be continued.)

OCCASIONAL ESSAYS.

No. III.

Mr. Editor,

IN my first number I made some observations on the letters E. O. In this I shall make a short remark on an alphabetical relation of their's, Mr. *I*, the most loquacious, consequential coxcomb in the whole line of ancestry. You must have observed, Mr. Editor, how much this slight, slim, little fellow, is attached to the trumpet of fame; that is, when the goddess and her votaries are too indolent to blow a blast, a man, in justice to his own merit, is obliged to trumpet forth his *own* fame! On such occasions *I* did this! *I* did that! And, in short, so frequently, and impertinently intrudes, that I—*myself I* have often wished t'other *I* kicked out of company, and *you*, consequently, have done the same. When a coward, or bully (for in general they are synonimous terms) gets a sound drubbing, he stu.s every one who will give him the hearing, with—*I* gave the scoundrel enough! The rake—*I* seduced such a girl—*I* drank them all dead—*I* broke the lamps—beat the watch—which of you now gives the word?—and *I* say done first for fifty! *I* am the boy for a good thing—that is your sort! d—n me, that is your sort!

This said consequential gentleman *I*, daily proves himself no contemptible father of lies; and as the old proverb asserts, those who swear will lie, so *vice versa*, those who lie, will swear; for when the nail is driven, there is nothing like *clenching* it.

This leads me to notice the fashionable, and gentleman-like habit of

" Swearing."

Odso! what a blunder I have committed! I mean *un*-gentleman-like; for I believe it is generally allowed, that a *real* gentleman is seldom or ever heard to swear. Indeed some foolish, odd sort of folks, who are so uncouth as to entertain a proper sense of, and due respect for our holy religion, may construe this polite accomplishment into a vice, and might wish to abolish the custom. But would it not go to one's heart to be accessary in checking a fine, sprightly, lively fellow, in his agreeable sallies, and who has, perhaps, taken infinite pains to render himself thus strikingly entertaining? and what some antediluvian people might term dead to all sense of shame!

The other day, for instance, a fashionable *crop*, in order to display a handsome leg and foot to advantage, had bought his boots so tight, that they absolutely broke asunder in drawing on. Now when a fine, active fellow, who is all spirit and fire, whip and spur, ready to mount, meets with so untoward an accident, as tearing his boots, why if he was to swear a little, a brother buck might have the goodness to excuse him; but this worthy fellow bore his misfortune with a resignation uncommon; not contenting himself with a single d—n, he called for a *double pair-royal* of *feather-edged* d—ns, to be set on the poor boot-maker and his issue to the fourth generation! Lady Townly observes, that when a sad, wrong word is just rising on the tongue's end, people should give a great *gulph*, and swallow it. I have not a doubt but many would adopt this mode of suppression, were their time, on occasions, not so much taken up in swallowing large gulphs from the bottle, that they really have not leisure to gulph down any thing else.

I have, therefore, taken this matter into serious consideration; but as Rome was not built in a day, an entire reformation cannot be expected to take place all at once. I am then, good naturedly, inclined to give some latitude; for though I might wish to abridge certain persons who may look on themselves as duly qualified for this gallant accomplishment, which others again, will deem blasphemy, yet not to swear at all, would be too severe. I have, therefore, with infinite pains and study, coined a new set of

"Oaths,"

Which I here offer fresh from the mint, and in which I have endeavoured to suit persons of all denominations and professions, which may be coined at leisure, and vended as occasion serves. I have observed that *gentlemen* are rarely heard to swear. Sometimes indeed, men of rank and condition, stript by sharpers of their last guinea, have been roused to passion, and transported beyond the limits of good breeding; but then they seldom exceed a poor, puny, pimping, monosyllable oath, such as d—n the dice, b—st the bones, &c. Noblemen seldom swear a good *round* hand, or, as others term it, a good

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round *text*. No: they generally confine themselves to a good *running* hand, very different from their *writing*, for such scrawls an unfashionable reader can make no hand of at all. I shall then, Mr. Editor, confine myself to another order of people, as crosses, and vexations in trade, have great influence on the mind.

A sprightly watch maker, in vending a watch, may recommend it with—"Sir, *cram me into a clock case*, but that is as good a watch as ever came out of hand!"

This oath must strike sonorously on the ear, and rivet the attention: you will perceive too, the harmony of *alliteration* entirely preserved, and must stamp an agreeable impression.

A ship-carpenter is generally a strong, stout, robust fellow. His oath might be *shiver my timbers*. If a house-carpenter, I cannot admit of his going higher than the *rafters*, tearing up his *floorings*, or splitting his *gable end*. But if particularly agitated, he may throw his hat out of window, or his wig in the fire: these things have been found of infinite use, and proved to be great *coolers*.

A cabinet-maker, again, has nothing more to do, than to *ram himself into a tea chest*. And a cooper may be *bunged up in a barrel*.

Seamen (for whom I have a great respect) have, it is said, a license for swearing, and, withal, such a numerous choice of oaths, they can never be at a loss. Such as *shiver my topsails, stave in my head nails, darken my day-lights, keel haul me*, &c. and in storms and bad weather, never, if they can help it, forget to *splice the main brace*.* But in time of action, every commander has full liberty of conscience, and may *sink* as much as he pleases, provided he sinks the enemy, and never strikes to the dishonour of the *British flag!*

Soldiers again should swear, "by the plumed troop and the big war, which make ambition glorious!" And 'tis England's glory to boast such defenders!

From chasing the enemy, advert we to chasing the fox. A huntsman might swear by the horns; but if he is a *married* man, the oath may be dispensed with, and he may make choice of Diana, or the blooming goddess of day.

Taylors now are a set of people who have engaged my particular attention: for as there go a dozen and half of them to a *brace of men*, every latitude should be given to add dignity to the measure. A taylor, then, if a very spirited fellow, may be allowed, on extraordinary occasions, to *damn his buttons*.

Gamesters, as I have before observed, are very apt to swear on their *honour*; but as no firm reliance can be made on the honour of a gamester, I recommend the oath *plural*, changing

* A sea term for a dram.

changing it to the *honours*. As may, I never hold *four by honours again*, or never *pluck a pigeon*! If a billiard player, may I never be in *cue*, make a *cannon*, or *pocket a ball*! and so on, according to the game he is mostly an adept in.

Attornies at law are gentlemen by their profession, consequently cannot be suspected of the *un*-gentlemanly habit of swearing, unless *profe-sionally*. But observe, this only belongs to the *rotten* part of the law; with such a swinging *plumb*, is rarely found a *choak pear*; for it would be hard a man should dirty his fingers for nothing, and *a broker of all work* must be paid. With such, may I never *touch on both sides again*; or, never save *a thief from the gallows!* As such things sometimes occur in their course of practice, a *petty-fogging* attorney will not be at a loss. Many other oaths may be proposed.

A mason may be *minced into mortar*.

A quack doctor swallow his own *nostrums*; but the sample given shall suffice; and if the fashion should take a run, as most new fashions do, however absurd, the end will be fully answered; as in time, it will, of course, be worn out, and rejected; and as people of any figure, would be ashamed of returning again to their former *old* fashion, why swearing will be laid aside altogether; the agreeable consequence of which will be, that instead of the many men of *high* fortune, and *low* breeding, we daily meet with, we shall encounter only *gentlemen*.

This leads me to define what

"A gentleman *should* be."

For the word is so often prostituted, and the character so often mistaken, it is difficult to decide.

When a nobleman does not chuse to be *visible*, and a tradesman has been pacing two hours on the forlorn hope in his lordship's hall, he may have the honour of leaving his twentieth fresh written bill with his *gentleman*. Is it not strange that a master should bestow a title on a servant, that even majesty itself cannot confer? A king may make a lord, but various essences must combine to make a lord a gentleman. The late Dr. Johnson being complimented on his flattering reception at court, said "he had seen and conversed with many a gentleman; and he had now seen and conversed with a king, and could with truth assert, that that king was the finest gentleman, and the best bred man, he had ever seen in his life." Something more than rank and fortune is required to constitute a gentleman. The veriest clown in nature, rough and uneducated, may, from native civility and goodness of heart have (without the polished manners) all the *principles* of a gentleman; whilst a duke in a birth-day suit, may be only an *un*-principled being, whose exalted rank tends the more to disgrace, and dishonour human nature. And it is further supposed, that

even

even some *princes* are not gentlemen; and sum up all together, whether Madame Bonaparte may not be as much of a *gentleman*, as some crowned heads on the continent? A man may mount a two story phaeton, drive four in hand, 'till his career is stopt by a fatal tumble, and then has not broke the neck of a gentleman. He may fence with grace, dance with ease, set his whole fortune on the cast of a die, and, flushed with success, throw half his winnings to *croapees*, but will folly make him a gentleman? Alas! these insects of the day, how are they mistaken! It is honour, honour, the peculiar gift of Heaven, that stamps alone the noble, perfect character! A gentleman cannot do a mean or a bad action; at a distressful tale, his manly bosom overflows in sympathy, whilst soft humanity lucidly brightens his eloquent and benevolent eye, and the feeling, liberal heart, dictates to the bestowing hand. A complete gentleman is the most exalted and dignified character in the world! Such there really are, and such it is the peculiar pride of this glorious and hospitable nation to boast.

CURIOUS CATERPILLAR.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

AS your correspondent RUSTICUS, in the Weekly Entertainer, for September 22, page 745, is desirous of ascertaining the name of the moth which was produced from the curious caterpillar he has so amply described, and considering all such laudable enquiries into the works of the creation, as highly meritorious, I beg, through the same medium, to inform him that, if he will consult the *Gmelinian* edition of Linnæus, he will, in vol. v. p. 2005, at once discover it to be *Phalæna Bombyx Pavonia*, an insect of considerable beauty, by no means common in England, and of course coveted by most British *aurelians*, by whom it is usually denominated Emperor Moth. It is figured in several good English works, viz. Albin's Insects, tab. 25. Wilks's Pap. tab. 32. and Harris's Aurelian, tab. 25, d. g. h. The most modern work in which this fly is figured, is Donovan's Insects, vol. 1. tab. 1. mas. and vol. viii. tab. 253 fem. where all the various stages may be consulted. It is subject to some variety in size, and markings, but the male is always much smaller, and brighter in colours. I do not find any author mentions that the caterpillar fed on strawberry leaves but most agree that willow (without discrimination of species,) black thorn, elm, rose, apple, lime, and heath, are occasionally its food.

The *larvæ* are gregarious, and are usually full fed in July or August, and remain in the *pupa* 'till the following spring, when the fly appears; sometimes as early as March, and very rarely so late as June, but this depends on the degrees of heat it has been subject to in confinement.

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. G.

Kingsbridge, September 30.

ANECDOTE *of a* COUNTRY GIRL.

BEING a single man, I most commonly take upon myself the office of giving my tradesmen orders for my different domestic articles. It happened a few days ago, that I called at my tallow-chandler's to give orders for my winter stock of candles, when I was entertained by the following curious circumstance.

A very neat country girl came into the shop, and addressed a young man (who was then behind the counter) as follows: "Pray, Sir, does the same person keep this shop that kept it about two years ago?" she was answered in the affirmative. "Is the gentleman at home?"—Yes, Ma'am."—Can I speak to him?"—By all means Ma'am, I'll call him out immediately," which he did, and on Mr. ———'s entering the shop, she addressed him thus: "Sir, I bought three pounds of candles here about two years ago, at nine-pence halfpenny per pound, which is just two shillings and four-pence halfpenny, for the three pounds. I also changed a one pound note, and through the great hurry I was in, I did not take particular notice of my change, as I ought to have done. But on returning home (which is about 21 miles from town), I discovered I had eighteen shillings and six-pence, isntead of seventeen shillings and seven pence halfpenny, my change, which was just ten pence halfpenny more than my due. I have never been in town since 'till now, therefore I take this opportunity of calling, to return to you the money which is your due."

Mr. ——— thanked her for her kindness and honesty, saying he knew nothing of the circumstance, and was not of course entitled to the money. The girl made a very polite curtsey, and withdrew.

W. N.

Holborn Hill,
September 11, 1806.

Origin of eating Goose on Michaelmas-Day.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, on her way to Tilbury-Fort, on the 29th of September, 1598, dined at the ancient seat of Sir Neville Umfreville, near that place; and as British Bess had much rather dine off a high-seasoned and substantial dish than a flimsy fricassée, or a rascally ragout, the knight thought proper to provide a brace of fine geese, to suit the palate of his royal guest. After the queen had dined very heartily, she asked for a half-pint bumper of burgundy, and drank, "destruction to the Spanish armada." She had but that moment returned the glass to the knight, who had done the honours of the table, when the news came (as if the queen had been possessed of the spirit of prophecy) that the Spanish fleet had been destroyed by a storm. She immediately took another bumper in order to digest the geese and good news; and was so highly pleased with the event, that she every year after, on that day, had the above excellent dish served up: the court made it a custom, and the people have followed the fashion ever since.

BUCKLERSBURY, LONDON.

TO "smell like Bucklersbury in *simple* time," is a phrase of Shakespeare's in the Merry Wives of Windsor. It was then chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of herbs, green as well as dry. Their houses were observed, in the time of the plague, to be kept free from visitation.

Decker, in the Westward Hoe, a comedy, 1607, says, "Go into Bucklersbury, and fetch me two ounces of *preserved melounes;* look there be no tobacco taken in the shop when he weighs it."—And again, "Run into Bucklersbury for two ounces of dragon water, some spermaceti, and treacle."

The tower, called Cernes-tower, here, was amortized by King Edward III. to the dean of St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster.

A QUERY, *by M.*

IT has been generally remarked, that all or most of the nations with which we are acquainted, reckon by periods of ten, that is to say, after having counted the units from 1 to 10, they begin and add units to the ten; having attained to two tens, or 20, they continue to add units as far as 30, or three tens; and so on, in succession, 'till they come to ten tens, or one hundred; of ten times one hundred they form a thousand, and so on. Did this arise from necessity? was it occasioned by any physical cause? or was it merely the effect of chance?

Answer, by W. Harrison, of Tiverton, to J. A——g's Rebus, inserted August 25

AS British chief, as Albion's pride,
CORNWALLIS did triumphant ride.

☞ We have received similar answers from W. Cross and W. D. of Bristol; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Ryan, and B. Belcher of East Stonehouse; Sophia, of Modbury; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; J. C. of Ottery; Adrianus; P. Codd, of Dean Prior; Henry Stoneman, and J. S. of Exeter; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; W. Mann, of Plymouth-Dock; J. Matthews, of Dartmouth; and J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.

Answer, by B. Belcher, of East Stonehouse, to Edwin's Charade, inserted Sept. 1.

MERRY-THOUGHT will, I think, reveal
The secret that you would conceal.

‡‡ The like answers have been received from William Varcoe, of Mevagissey; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; P. Codd, and R. Gidley, of Dean Prior; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; W D. of Bristol; J. S. H. Stoneman, and S. W. Wreford, of Exeter; M. P. M. of Marazion; J. Ryan, of East-Stonehouse; J. Matthews, of Dartmouth; Sophia, of Modbury; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; Adrianus; and J. Fairweather, near Kingsbridge.

Answer, by J. Woodman, Jun. of North Curry, to G. Coulman's Rebus, inserted September 1

AGES shall boast of COLLINGWOOD's great fame,
And sing loud pæans to his glorious name,
Whose conduct must each British tar inspire,
And animate their souls with martial fire.

*** Similar answers have been received from W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; Thomas Scadding, Wellington; J Ryan, and B. Belcher, of Stonehouse; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; Sophia, of Modbury; Henry Stoneman, J. S. and J. T. Symons, of Exeter; M. P. M. of Marazion; W. Harrison, John Tucker, and H. Ellis, of Tiverton; W. Cross, and W. D. of Bristol; R. Gidley, and P. Codd, of Dean Prior; T. Pitman, of Child Okeford; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; J. Fairweather, of Batson; W. Mann, of Plymouth Dock; J. Matthews, of Dartmouth; and J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.

A REBUS, *by W. Mann, of Plymouth Dock, late of Ashburton.*

TO make my first, behold a jocund train
Hie to yon meads in summer's sultry reign;
Half of a grain my next will bring to mind,
Which yields a useful liquor to mankind:
On Arun's banks my whole attunes a lay,
"Bright as its waves, and various as its way."

A REBUS, *by John Horsey, Jun. of South Petherton.*

A Noted thing you first must find;
A serpent of the pois'nous kind;
A fish that swims in streams most pure;
A beast that hardships doth endure;
The initials join in order true,
....A famous city bring to view.

POETRY.

An Address to the Tomb of Mr. Fox, who was buried in Westminster-Abbey, October 10, 1806, written on the Day of his Funeral.

AND is this *all*—of that accomplish'd mind?
His country's pride, and friend of human kind?
This mournful pageant that surrounds the bier?
Phantoms of grief, that rise and disappear?
Shall death involve, in his unfathom'd gloom,
Those virtues destin'd to survive the tomb?
Tho' in this Gothic pile's illustrious shade,
With kings and heroes, death the bed has made,
Are sculptur'd honours *all* that FOX may claim?
Shall urns and busts alone record his name?
Can monuments from time's oblivion save?
These are the glow-worm's lustre on the grave.

GENIUS—in whom the dead repose their trust?
The sainted guardian of the sleeping dust,
Be thine the task!—for thine's the muse's fire,
To guide the chisel, and awake the lyre!
To animate with zeal th' historic page,
And bid your hero live thro' ev'ry age!
Here golden letters shall the praise retain,
Of him, who nobly spurn'd ambition's chain;
Of him, who boldly pleaded freedom's cause,
And won from rival senators applause;
Who manly eloquence, by reason school'd,
And patriot ardour, by allegiance rul'd;
Of him, whose heart to league'd attachment true,
Chang'd not old robes of friendship for the new.

Let such immortal annals guard his name,
And on this basis build the patriot's fame!

PATRIOTICA.

Address, by Peter Pindar, Esq. to a Young Lady, on her Birth-Day.

NOW, Mary, thou art sweet eighteen,
In nature's bloom of form and mien;
Taste and good humour to delight thy friends;
A mistress of the dance and song,
Neat repartee upon the tongue,
And music, Mary, at thy finger ends.

Now beaux their love-tales will begin;
The tall, the short, the thick, and thin,
The fool, the man of sense, the gay, the sombre:
And would, old time, the thief, alack!
Give me but half a century back,
I certainly should be among the number.

Oh! may thy future minutes fly
Without a tear, without a sigh,
Rich with the world's enjoyments, full of spirits;

Forgiving

Forgiving them, my thief, old time,
I'd praise the rascal in my rhyme,
For doing so much justice to thy merits.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Address to the Nightingale, written in the Spring of 1806, *by W. Tucker, of Tilshead School, Wilts.*

SWEET bird of night! why in the wood,
At evening's soft and solemn close,
Sing'st thou, in melancholy mood,
Awhile thy kindred throng repose?

And why not too, at matin tide,
Again resume th' enchanting song?
So close to seraph's strains allied,
Sure thine can never charm too long.

When winter comes, with silver beard,
Oh! then I fear with us no more,
Sweet warbler! will thy song be heard—
Thy spring-tide reign will then be o'er.

ADVICE *to the* AFFLICTED.

WHERE can the wretched shield his head
From keen affliction's blast,
Whose soul must now misfortune dread
From mem'ry of the past?
Affection's hand, in mis'ry's hour,
Shall kindly lend her soothing power,
And shield the wretched victim's head
From keen affliction's blast,
No more misfortune's shaft to dread,
Or think of sorrows past.

Cease, cease, the language of despair,
This hopeless grief to prove,
For time shall banish ev'ry care,
And wake thy heart to love.
And in that sweetly smiling hour,
The soul shall own affection's power,
Then shalt thou vanquish fell despair,
And ev'ry grief remove;
Dash from thy lip the cup of care,
And quaff the sweets of love.

ANGLICUS.

H O P E.

YES, other scenes there are, and in a clime
Purer, and other strains to earth unknown,
Where Heaven's high host with symphonies sublime
Sing "unto Him that sitteth on the throne."
Enough for man, if he the task fulfil
Which God ordain'd, and to his journey's end
Bear him right on, betide him good or ill;
Then hope to sooth his death-bed shall descend,
Nor leave him, 'till in mansions of the blest
He gain his destin'd home, his everlasting rest!